

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

*Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, *Leander* the good swimmer, *Troilus* the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so true-ly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: *mar-rie* I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to *Ladie* but *babie*, an innocent rime: for *scorne*, *horne*, a hard time: for *schoule* *foole*, a babling time: *verie* ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming *Plannet*, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:

*Enter Beatrice.*

*sweete Beatrice* wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with know- ing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, there- fore I will depart vnkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must short- ly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue in- deede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peacea- bly.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd at the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect this age his owne tombe ere he dies; hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quar- ter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if *Don worne* (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who *my* selfe will beare witness is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

*Enter Ursula.*

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yon- ders old coile at home, it is prouoced my *Ladie Hero* hath bin falselie accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abuse, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bu- ried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.*

*Claudio.* Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

*Lord.* It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,*

*Was the Hero that here lies:*

*Death in gerdon of her wrongs,*

*Gines her fame which neuer dies:*

*So the life that dyed with shame,*

*Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang about here upon the tombe,*

*Praising her when I am tombe.*

*Claudio.* Now mulick sound & sing your solemne hymne

*Song.*

*Pardon goddess of the night,*

*Those that slew thy virgin knight,*

*For the which with songs of woe,*

*Round about her tombe they goe:*

*Midnight assist our moone, helpe vs to sigh and grune.*

*Heauily, heauily.*

*Graves yawne and yeelde your dead,*

*Till death be vntered,*

*Heauily, heauily.*

*(this right)*

*Lo.* Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

*Prin.* Good morrow masters, put your Torches out, The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheeles of *Phœbus*, round about Dapples the drowie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

*Claudio.* Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

*Prin.* Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes, And then to *Leonatos* we will goe.

*Claudio.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

*Then*

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leonato, Bene, Marg, Ursula, old man, Frier, Hero.*

*Frier.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leo.* So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,

Vpon the errour that you heard debated:

But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,

In the true course of all the question.

*Old.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

*Leo.* Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter,

And giue her to young *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Old.* Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

*Frier.* To doe what Signior?

*Bene.* To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:

Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,

Your neede regards me with an eye of fauour.

*Leo.* That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

*Leo.* The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,

From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

*Bened.* Your answer sir is Enigmatically,

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

*Leo.* My heart is with your liking.

*Frier.* And my helpe.

*Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.*

*Prin.* Good morrow to this faire assembly.

*Leo.* Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:

We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

*Claudio.* He hold my minde were she an Ethiopie.

*Leo.* Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

*Prin.* Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a Februarie face,

So full of frost, of storme, and clowdiness.

*Claudio.* I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:

Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,

And all *Europa* shall reioyce at thee,

As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

*Bene.* Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,

And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

A got a Calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

*Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.*

*Cla.* For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

*Leo.* This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

*Cla.* Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

*Leon.* No that you shal not, till you take her hand,

Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

*Claudio.* Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liu'd I was your other wife,

And when you liu'd, you were my other husband.

*Claudio.* Another *Hero*?

*Hero.* Nothing certaine

One *Hero* died, but I doe

And surely as I liue, I am a

*Prin.* The former *Hero*,

*Leon.* Shee died my Lord

*Frier.* All this amazement

When after that the holy rit

He tell you largely of faire

Meane time let wonder seene

And to the chappell let vs p

*Bene.* Soft and faire Frier,

*Beat.* I answer to that nar

*Bene.* Doe not you loue r

*Beat.* Why no, no more r

*Bene.* Why then your V

*Leo.* haue benee deceiued, th

*Beat.* Doe not you loue r

*Bene.* Troth no, no more

*Beat.* Why then my Cofi

Are much deceiu'd, for they

*Bene.* They swore you w

*Beat.* They swore you w

*Bene.* 'Tis no matter, then

*Beat.* No truly, but in frien

*Leon.* Come Cosin, I am

*Claudio.* And Ile be sworne

For heres a paper written in

A halting sonnet of his own

Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

*Hero.* And heeres anothe

Writ in my cosins hand, stob

Containing her affection vnt

*Bene.* A miracle, heres a

hearts: come I will haue the

thee for pittie.

*Beat.* I would not denie

yeeld vpon great perswasion

for I was told, you were in a

*Leon.* Peace I will stop ye

*Prin.* How dost thou *Bene*?

*Bene.* He tell thee what *P*

crackers cannot flout mee ou

think I care for a Satyre or an

be beaten with braines, a sha

about him: in brieft, since I

thinke nothing to any purpo

gainst it, and therefore neuer

against it: for man is a giddy

clufion: for thy part *Claudio*,

thee, but in that thou art like

bruis'd, and loue my cosin.

*Cla.* I had well hop'd y wou

I might haue cudgel'd thee o

thee a double dealer, which

if my Cousin do not looke e

*Bene.* Come, come, we ar

ere we are married, that we r

and our wiues heeles.

*Leon.* Wee'll haue dancing

*Bene.* First, of my vvord, t

thou art sad, get thee a vvife,

cast more reuerend then one

*Messen.* My Lord, your b

And brought with armed m

*Bene.* Thinke not on him

thee braue punishments for l